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CHESTER, N. S., Aug. 20,-For twelve years

followed the sea; he visited all the oceans and touched at many a port to homekeeping Canadiana only a spot on the map. But he is anchored now on an island in the Atlantic, digging for a treasure buried there some hundreds of years ago.

His name is Capt. Welling: a deep water man

his brother Captains call him. He gave up his ship a few years ago and settled down on a tidy little place to live the life of a landsman. Parhaps he found the voice of the sea more insistent than he had supposed; perhaps he missed the stimulus of wind, salt spray, storm, and danger. If this was so he does not confide it to his hour-old acquaintances. He only tells sm with sest and animation of coming to Oak Island two years ago, as skeptical as the next man about the mysterious treasure, intending to stay a few weeks at most to look the ound over and to convince the company that eir scheme was a burst bubble.

"I have been here two years now," and he ade up his explanation with a smile, "and in all that time I have spent just one night at home. Here I mean to stay till that treasure is found, for I'm just as sure it's lying at the bottom of that pit as I am that I'm flesh and blood

and standing here."

Then, if the visitors gathered about are rude shough to appear skeptical and incredulous while they are enjoying the hospitality of the in on his own ground, not another word will he tell of the interesting story that makes ners feel as if time had been turned back to the middle ages, when pirates and robber chiefs roamed about, when treasures were always buried and stolen pleturesquely, and banks spoiled the literary landscape.

Oak Island, the site of the treasure, is a all island near Chester, Nova Scotia, one of the three hundred and sixty-five thereabouts It is the only one of them all on which oak trees grow, and is a landmark for miles around. meycombed with the shafts and tunnels dug by former seekers after gold, but inobody before has found so much evidence to justify the search as has Capt. Welling. He is a man deration, and the tiny piece of parchment he brought up in his auger, boring at the depth of 126 feet, has kept his faith bright through all the accidents and disappointments that have followed. It is indication enough of the presence of something at the bottom of the pit to make any man with a lurking love of adventure hidden away in his practical brain follow the course that the Captain is taking

adventure hidden away in his practical brain follow the course that the Captain is taking and keep on to the end.

The popular idea is that the treasure was buried on the island by Capt. Ridd. This famous pirate began his riotous career in 18th. He was a good example of the proverb that evil communications corrupt good manners, for from beling one of the stanchest joes of the pirates who attacked English and French ahips, he became one himself. But his course was short. In 1686 he arrived at New York with a great amount of spoil. Much of this he buried on Gardiners Island, at the east end of Long Island, the reast he divided among his crew. Scon after he was arrested by the order of Gov. Beliamont of Massachusetts and sent to English, where he was tried for the murder of a gunner whom he had killed with a heavy bronhooped bucket. That was only one of six Indictments against him, and though tradition says he offered in exchange for his life gold shough to girdle London with a chain of inchlong links, he was convicted and hanged at Execution Dock on May 12, 1701.

Men sent by the Governor to Gardiners Island discovered a box containing 738 ounces of gold, 347 ounces of silver, one bag of silver rings, one bag of unpolished stones and a quantity of agates, amethysts and silver buttons. These things, with the property found on Capt. Ridd and in his ship, were valued at \$65,000. Popular excitement ran high after this, and searches were made unsuccessfully in various places for other deposits. About 1743 an old man died in New England. On his deathbed he confessed that he had assisted the pirate and his followers in burring two millions of pounds sterling beneath the soil of a sectuded island east of Boston, on which oak trees grew in profusion. This yan, of course, gave a great impetus to treasure hunts.

"Midd's treasure?" said Capt. Welling with some warmth, when he was asked about the matter a few days ago by some visitors. "This Ridd's treasure? I think people and the guide hooks are all wrong. According to my w

wiew thus:
"Mexico, you know, was a regular Klondike
to the Spaniards. They sent their ships over
there, and by fair means or foul, it didn't matter much which, they wrested wealth untold
from the Mexicans. They took the gold from
their mines and perhaps the jeweis from their
arms and peeks. I don't doubt they were quite sheir mines and perhaps the jewels from their arms and necks. I don't doubt they were quite capable of it. But the ships didn't always get their cargoes safe home, not by a long shot. They had to pass these islands on their return journey. They couldn't go further out because of the Gulf Stream and the floating feebergs that would have crushed them nto atoms. Punishment feil on some of those Branish robbers quickly enough, and they had a mighty short time for prayers. I'm thinking, before the pirates who were lying in wait agar their route pounced upon them and showed them the short road to death. Maybe after a while these island pirates got so much spoil that it was like carrying coals to Newgestle. They couldn't sell it or give it away even without tremendous risks, so they did the only thing they could do-buried it deep enough so mice or men wouldn't find it til they discovered a way to turn it to their own secount."

enough as mice or men wouldn't find it till they discovered a way to turn it to their own account.

"But, Captain," asked one of the party, "how sould they do it? What appliances had they for digging a pit 7 feet across and 200 feet deep? The soil must have been very hard, and part of the time they must have had to go through soild rock."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. "We can't tell how a good many things were done, but the pyramids were built, for instance." he replied. We haven't anything in modern times that could raise those huge mountains of stone, and yet there they are. We can't tell how in-experienced pirates dug that shaft. When we sink one in another part of the island we use dynamite and all sorts of conveniences, and it takes us three months and more to go ninety feet. Yet there's the treasure pit!"

Then the visitors gave up theorizing to see what had been done practically toward securing the contents of this Aladdin pit. Under a rude board shed they looked down into what seemed the mouth of a great well two-thirds dilled with water. At the bottom of this hole lies the mysterious something which men have been trying to reach for 100 years. The cunning workmen who hid it there dug a tunnel through the island from side to side, above the treasure, so that the tide of water flowing through should keep it safe from all but themselves. Doubtless, the men who made the tunnel knew the secret of shutting off the stream when they wished, but, no one cles has found is, and every effort to secure the treasure so har has been folled just as it seemed within reach by the water, which breaks through and makes it impossible to get at what lies beneath, unless, indeed, men could bail out the whole attastio.

As far back as 1785, fifty years after the

OAK ISLAND'S TREASURE.

CAPT. WELLING BUE TO REACH IT

ABOUT NOV. 1, HE THINKS.

It Amounts to About \$10,000,000 and Was
Buried by Pirates a Couple of Centuries
Ago-Record of a Century of Enflures
It Is at the Bottom of a Deep Hols.

CHESTER, N. S., Aug 20.—For twelve years

was buried the sum of \$2,000,000, but even those most interested attached little weight to the report.

At the spot where this stone was discovered by the first workmen water began to be apparent and at ninety-three feet there was still more. Night was supen them and as usual they probed the bottom with a crowbar to feet if they could strike anything. They met a hard, impenetrable substance and went to sleep with wonderful dreams of the treasure they would find in the morning. They were on the very brink of solving the mystery, they thought, list when they went to work in the early gray dawn they found a well filled with sixty feet of water where they had left an empty shalt the night before. Their halling buckets made no impression. Finally a pump was prepared at a cost of \$300. It was lowered to the depth of ninety feet, but before the water reached the top it burst.

interference have ended in failure. It is come as at it the pirates had laid some curse upon their gold which shortal man can never conquer. The treasure severes should try should gas aliver builts over the hole or some other effective charm to break the spell. Man have sacrificed in the bottom of the severe should try should gas aliver builts over the hole or some other effective charm to break the spell. Man have sacrificed the severe should try should be severed to the severe should be severed to the should be severed to the severe should be severed to severe should be severed to severe should be severed

conviction that the pit with him on the first of next november, they could see drawn up immense chests of strange fashion and workmanship, filled with pearis, saiphires, opals, rubies, and diamonds enough to pave the streets of New York and gold pieces in such countless heaps that the eyes of Midas himself would grow

that the eyes of green with envy. TRANS-MISSISSIPPI ELECTIONS. A Storm Centre of Political Activity Beyond

the Mighty River. State elections will be most numerous, if not most important, this year in the territory beyond the Mississippi River, in the States swept by the wave of the Farmers' Alliance in 1890 and by the Populist craze in 1894. In the Southern States there will be few elections. In the Ohio Valley, through the belt of States which were formerly considered the doubtful and decisive nes, there will be no elections of importance Ohio elects minor State officers, Indiana votes for minor State officers, Illinois elects a State Treasurer, a piace of little political importance: Kentucky has no election this year, neither has West Virginia, and Iowa does not elect a Governor until 1899. In the Pacific States, Oregon has already voted, electing Republican candidates. Utah and Washington hold no elections this year for State officers-and will hold none until 1900-and the trend of politics recently in the New England States has been such that a Republican nomination is in each equivalent to an election. Moreover, Rhode Isiland has already voted, and Maine and Vermont will vote in September, leaving only three New England States to hold November the treasure, so that the tide of water flowing through should keep it safe from all but them selved. Doubtless, the men who made the tunnel knew the score of shutting off the stream of the stream o elections, and in all three of them, Massa-chusetts, Connecticut. and New Hampshire,

50 WAGON LOADS OF GOLD?

MUCH OF IT LIES ON THE SURPACE ALONG THE TANANA RIFER.

Story Told by an Old Miner, the Only Survivor of a Party of Four. Who Brought
Shok a Ring of Nuggets of Pure Gold as
the Besult of Its Expedition to Alaska. More than fifty wagon loads of pure gold are lying somewhere in Alaska awaiting a discoverer, according to the story told by an old miner, whose party perished in the wilds of

that region about five years ago.

Believing fully in the reports brought back by William Rogers, a party of Western gold seekers has already started out to locate the spot. They expect to find boulders of virgin gold without the laborious process of digging i When the Klondike deposits were first un-

earthed it was thought that Rogers's discovery had been found, but subsequent events and careful calculations, according to descriptions furnished by the returned gold hunter, prove that this is not the case.

Of a party of four miners who went into the

unknown and unexplored Northwest in search of gold in 1890, only one was permitted to return. He brought back with him incontestible proofs of the existence of gold in a sack full of small nuggets. The surviving member of this party of ex-

plorers was undoubtedly exploring on the American side of the boundary line in Alaska, as a computation of distances described by him would indicate. A fairly comprehensive map has been prepared from descriptions furnished by Rogers, showing the points at which he thinks he found the gold. The map is necessa-



rily crude, but, having the stout assertion o Rogers that he prospected along the Tanana River, we have this for a basis calculation. Rogers has since died, but his story survives im and in brief is this:

In 1889 a party of four miners living in the Black Hills, all of whom were more or less experienced in placer mining, formed a company o prospect for placer locations in Alaska, the belief among them being strong that somewhere in that country rich gold discoveries would be found. The men engaged in the enterprise were William Rogers; Louis Cavanaugh, Harry Stokes and John Campbell. Their first

Harry Stokes and John Campbell. Their first intention was to go north by steamer to Juneau, but when they reached Seattle they were unable to agree upon this point, and the expedition postponed its trip until the following spring, when the four men departed from Spokane. Wash. Their outfit consisted of a light wagon and team of mules, tools, guns and provisions for a long journey.

They traversed the country in a leisurely manner for several months, prospecting wherever there seemed to be a promising locality. After the first three months gold in small quantities was found quite frequently, and this led them on in their quest for better prospects. Their mules died, and they were obliged to abandon their wagon and tools, except such as they could carry, and in this way they plodded over mountains, through ravines, and across marshes until they had been gone from Spokane more than a year. From this point Rogers graphically but briefly described his journey:

"Our food ran short. We had no food except that which we obtained through hunting and fishing, but we soon became accustomed to this diet and felt little inconvenience on this account.

"We prospected up and down a big river (the

this diet and left little inconvenience on this account.

"We prospected up and down a big river (the Tanana) and its tributaries, and found gold in great quantities. We camped at one place three weeks, after we had been unusually successful in killing moose and caribou, and during that time we panned out gold nuggets enough to fill a full-size whiskey barrel. We could not carry the gold, so we dug a pit and buried it on a hillside.

"Our food requirements kept us moving constantly, for game is not abundant in the north, and it was a greater concern with us to get

stantly, for game is not abundant in the north, and it was a greater concern with us to get something to eat than to find gold. Only on one occasion did we see white men, and this was when we were considerably off our prospecting line. We fell in with some Hudson Bay Company men, from whom we bought ammunition for gold. It was not long after this that we found not only a gold deposit, but a veritable quarry of the yellow metal. Gold was there in lumps that we could not lift. It was at the edge of an oid creek bed and the monstrous nuggets, or boulders, of gold had been partly uncovered by the elements.

"It was here, too, that we met with our first misfortune. With gold enough to make us millionairee masy times over within our grasp, it was the beginning of a series of fatalities that wecked the entire party. As if in mookery of the possession of such great wealth Cavanaugh was taken sick and died here. He was ill with

wrecked the entire party. As if in mockery of the possession of such great wealth Cavanaugh was taken sick and died here. He was ill with malarial fever which lasted two weeks. We buried him, and over his grave will be found gold nuggets larger than any that have yet been discovered anywhere in the world. A statement of our situation and the name of Cavanaugh will be found in a tin can just below the surface of the earth covering his grave. "I estimated that fifty wagons could not carry away all of the gold that was exposed in this vicinity. The gold lumps were of all shapes and sizes, the largest probably weighing 200 bounds. It was not quartz, but pure virgin gold that could be hammered out with a hammer." You say 'Why didn't you hain, beek same.

this vicinity. The gold lumps were of all shapes and sizes, the largest probably weighing 200 nounds. It was not quarts, but pure virgin gold that could be hammered out with a hammer?

"You say, 'Why didn't you bring back some of this gold?' Well, I did. I brought sil I could carry, and it came near costing me my life. I brought small nuggets, because they were easier to carry. You must remember that I and my companions were in a country a thousand miles from civilization, and while it was our original intention to dig for gold, when we reached the deposits of precious metal we were obliged to keep moving in search of food to prevent starvation. We might have gone back, but were of the opinion that we would fall in with some of the Alaska Indians, whom we could employ to carry out our gold. It was this delusion that was largely responsible for our misfortunes after we had obtained that for while we went in search.

"We drifted on in this manner until Cavanaugh was taken ill, and the balance of the party were pretty well exhausted. From this time on, to make the story brick, we found gold in great quantities for a distance of about thirty miles, but again our numbers were depleted by the death of Campbell, who also died of malarial fever. Only Stokee and myself remained, so we held a council and decided to try to get out of the country while we had the strength to undertake the journey. It is a great deal different starting out on a long march in an exhausted condition than it is beginning fresh and well fed, and we soon realized that we had started on our homeward march almost too late.

"We crossed rivers and mountains, snow and mud; and cold and hungry, with only such food as we could pick up from an occasional shot or from fishing along the streams, we kept on our steady march in a southeasterly direction for nearly two months. During this tramp we found copper and silver deposits and other valuable minerals. These discoveries were of no interest to us, however, for by this time we had become imbued with the

CAMB TO STUDY SOCIOLOGY. A Party of Boston Investigators and Their

Experiences in New York. There goes a party of young sociologists bent upon exploring New York." said the po-liceman who is known as "Man Not Afraid of His Whiskers" on account of his luxurious growth of beard. "If you want to enjoy your-nelf, follow there."

On previous occasions the reporter had found

that this guardian of the peace had a keen eye for queer sights, and, tempted by the desire to know what this new field of research looks like he betook himself to study sociology in its socalled practical aspects, and followed in the wake of the excursionists. The explorars were eight in number, equally divided between the sexes. Their age averaged 22 years, their behavior made it apparent that they were not New Yorkers and that this was their first visit to town. Their conversation made it clear that they came from Boston and they were mighty serious about their mission. They had studied and digested all the writings of Edward Atkinson, they knew the writings of the political economists of all ages and of all nations, and they had heard a vague rumor to the effect that there were some things in New York which might yield material for endless ectures on sociology. For be it remembered that Boston, intellectual Boston, has retired Browning and Ibsen for the time being, and exercises its great mind on the solution of so-

siological questions.

After some consultation as to the best course of proceeding, the party decided to hunt up some member of the Reform Club. The fame of this club had penetrated to the Hub, the profound knowledge of some of the club members did impress the students from Boston, and the publications of the club were spoken of very highly. True, every-day mortals do get tired of this so-called intellectual food, but a Boston sociologist is very unlike the rest of humanity. He delights in big words, he loves to wade through endless sentences, he enjoys studying long columns of figures, and he goes into raptures over laborious and long-drawn explanations of things simple in themselves. As good luck would have it, the students

did reach the rooms of the Reform Club without any mishap, and having given satisfac-tory; proof of their worthiness, they were ashered into the reception room. After some lively hurry and skurry on the part of the club servants, one pompous individual made his appearance. He was the only member of the club who stayed in town, and upon him

servants, one pompous individual made his appearance. He was the only imember of the club who stayed in town, and upon him rested the responsibility of supervising and directing the whole reform movement. Small wonder that he felt his great importance, for he was the custodian of non-partisanship in a city whose administration is in the hands of a party machine.

In a caim, dignified and condescending tone he saked of what service he could be to his guesta. Their spokesman informed him that they had come to New York to study sociological problems, and that they would consider it a great favor to have some objects of interest pointed out to them. The reformer expressed his sorrow at his being unable to act as their guide, but advised them to visit the Good Government clubs and the Citizens' Union, also other organizations whence wisdom springs in continuous streams.

"They are all admirable institutions and are doing marvellous work for the edunation of your benighted citizens," interrupted one of the party. but we have come to see and to examine the latest departures in the field of sociology, and are not interested in political actions. Could you point out some recent experiments in our line in your city?"

"There is nothing to compare with the excellence of the sociological work the Reform Club is doing. Our publications cover the whole field, and I shall be delighted to present some orders to a servant, and with a wave of his hand he disappeared. The excursionists were left alone, and made ready to leave the clubrooms when a number of servants appeared, each one carrying an armful of heavy books. They deposited them in front of the visitors and said that they were ordered to bring them as souvenirs to the visitors. Not willing to carry so much freight with them, the students gave directions to have these publications shipped to their homes and emerged into the street.

"Excellentit" (Frandl" "Beautifull" "Lovely" were some of the shouts of approval with which this idea was greeted. Quickly they scrambled int

These words ware delivered by a man of middle age, who endeavored to appear serious and whose occas onal winkings toward the rest of the hotel guests were not noticed by the excursionists.

"We will be greatly pleased to accept your offer," came the rejoinder, and under the guidance of two hotel guests the students began their wanderings in the big building.

"Let me point out to you the baths first. They are an object of awe to every newcomer in this hotel. You must understand that, although the people you see here do look quite decent and respectable, their civilization does not extend far enough to appreciate the virtues of clean water. It has, therefore, been very wise on the part of the management to adopt an excellent idea. A noose is alipped around the neck of every lodger who comes for the first time. By a very ingenious apparatus this noose is adjusted automatically the moment the man lies down on his bed. This contrivance is arranged so skiffally that no amount of struggling will loosen the grip of the rope until a spring is touched in the manager's office. This spring sets the whole apparatus in motion, loosens the rope around the man's neck, and dumps him, tied hand and foot, into the bathroom directly under a stream of water. By touching another spring the bathroom attendant sets in motion a few scrubbing brushes, which operate for about fifteen minutes, and stop when the bather is thoroughly cleansed. Great invention, is it not?" The party listender respectfully to these utterances and tried very hard to impress the way that tromancer that they were not foolish enough to be taken in. After listening patiently to the take, one of the excursionists turned toward their guide and said, with ley politeness:

"Your description has pleased us very much, and it has awakened our keenest interest. You will perhaps even condescend to exhibit to us the working of that wonderful apparatus. We do not doubt that you on the scription and insist upon an ocular demonstration, I am forced to withdraw my offer to gui

consequence of the cold looks the Bostoniaus directed toward him. He feit uncomfortable and slunk away.

After this experience the sociologists thought it wise to apply to one of the clerks for information. He told them in a businesslike, polite way that the house is a business enterprise, managed on business principles; their guests are just like the rest of mankind, neither better nor worse.

"They," so he said, "are earning their broad by their own labor and follow all sorts of vocations. They resent being stared at, and do not differ in any particular from the other clerks, salesmen, and workingmen in general who are to be found in the boarding houses. They live in the hotel because it suits them and do not offer any special field for sociological investigations.

This apparently staggered the students. They could not believe it, and with disappointment plaining showing in their faces they left the hotel.

Once out on the street they resolved that New York is so far beaust Boston that they could no keaper weste time on the children of states? Raisserbooks.

BOSTON GALLERY GODS. BAGS, EYEGLASSES, AND ANGLES AT A

CONTINUOUS SHOW. Fatal Influence of the Letter B-One Man with a Monocle—Intelligence and Angu-larity of the Women—Cleo de Merode in Caricature—Pleasure Taken Bather Sadly

The 25-cent gallery of a Boston continuous performance theatre is a place where visitors to that city will get two or three times their money's worth of entertainment. This promise loes not depend on the programme given on the stage. Theatregoing Bostonese at 25 cents a head are entertainment enough for any ordinary stranger within the city gates.

In the 25-cent gallery of one of those theatre where "polite vaudeville" is dispensed to the high-minded populace perhaps a thousand men, women, and children do dally congregate. Nobody knows exactly how many Bostonbags attend. The Bostonbag is a local institution, like the fishball and the baked bean. The town has a certain sublime self-confidence. Fate having given it a name beginning with "B," it has decided that the other great, universal facts should be those beginning with the same letter. Hence ball (base and fish), baked beans and Bostonbags.

The Boston bag is almost unknown outside of New England. It has spread there with a rapidity and a tenacity like those manifested by the English daisy. There are a few sporadic Bostonbags to be found in the possession of the New York members of Sorosia, but the climate of New York has not proved favorable to their spread. On its native heath this interesting article abounds in astonishing numbers, no can it be said to be without its influence on the people as a whole. It is a matter of immediat comment that numberless women are at-tended by small and half-grown boys, whose apparent duty (or privilege?) it is to carry the Bostonbag. These boys (again the letter "b!") are to be found at every turn; in the shops, the libraries, the trains the reception rooms, always clinging with a death grip to the inevitable Bostonbag, and with a due sense of their lofty mission written on their young brows. Probably there were years and years when they couldn't have explained, in Boston, why in the world small oys were ever permitted to cumber the earth. But that time is past. It is now the chief end relatives. As before remarked, it is not possible to state

of boys to be Bostonbag bearers to their female relatives.

As before remarked, it is not possible to state accurately the number of Bostonbags in the average afternoon attendance at the theatre in question. But large as the showing is, it is crowded rather closely by the attendance of spectacies and syeglasses. Nevertheless, there are not so many of these shining lights of Boston life as the stranger has been led by the New York more or less comic papers to expect. A few years ago the true Bostonese would scarcely have frequented a vaude-ville theatre, no matter how "polite" it was declared to be. Now everything is different. At least it seems to be. The Boston young lady, whose shrinking modesty made her blush when her glasses fell off, and allowed her companion to behold her unshielded of eye, seems willing to grant that privilege even to the public at large. Still there is a large attendance of spectacles and the Boston gallery gods thereby attain a certain solemnity of demeaner not found in other places. In fact, they are as unlike the ordinary gallery god as a botter day and forgot to look at the stage. There was too much of interest in the rows of faces around him.

For instance, he is not at all sure of being believed, but it is a positive fact that off toward the right sat a young man with a monocle in his eye. Not many monocled young men are to be found among the gallery gods of Gotham. If similarly adorned young men allery gods of Gotham. If similarly adorned young men did appear on the benches up there a safely moderate guess is that remarks would be made. But this young man sat conspicuously alone for a long time, yet without apparently attracting the smallest notice from apphody. Perhaps he has been a protected cruiser hitherto. A spectacled Bostonian, in other words. And he is now removing his armor by degrees, having progressed from spectacles to eyeglasses and thence to a monocle. When next seen he will be provided with opera glasses and later will look at the stage without any intervening glas

pliqué on his arm. At a little distance sat a sailor, and further back, there were more soldiers. In the front row was a grizzled Irishman, with a precipitous upper lip and embossed checkbones. He sat with his elbows on his knees and his cavernous eyes gloated on the stage. When any one wanted to pass it was necessary to take the old Irishman by the shoulder and recall him to the top gallery from the very footlights.

Back at the left sat an old gentleman and an old lady. They had snow-white hair, both of them. The old gentleman didn't have his fair share, to be sure, and his head was a real dome in shape. He had a face of wonderful fineness of feature and benevolence of expression. Any one would look twice at him. It most accurately describes him to say that he looked like a historical character. He seemed as if he must have been somebody of great importance—a hundred years ago. In front of him sat a man of the ward-heeler type. He appeared to lower fiercely at the ranks of respectable, nonvoting women with their Bostonbags.

Familles appeared, evidently provincial; the man in the lead, bearing many bundles and wearing that proud air of having told the women folks that he'd give them a day of t. no matter what it cost! And there came countless people with badges affixed to their garments. There are always such in Boston, especially in summer.

But perhaps the most striking figure in the

people with badges affixed to their garments. There are always such in Boston, especially in summer.

But perhaps the most striking figure in the gallery—not excepting the man who kept having fits with his bewhiskered jaws, like a dog snapping at files and eating them afterward, nor the handsome man who rolled his eyes whenever there was music, and then winked spasmodically in time with the leader's baton, nor the elderly man who put his arm affection, nor the elderly man who put his arm affectionately around the neck—such a long neck!—of the soldier boy with him, and held him so tight that two extra people squeezed into that bench—no, not excepting anybody, the most striking figure in the gallery was a Boston edition of Cleo de Mérode.

If any one could be so heartless as to caricature such a harmless being as the roal Cléo, here is a model at hand. The caricature taken from this Boston model would wear a slimpsy shirt waist with a green and white striped ribbon tie. Her nose would be enormous, she would wear spectacles and her hair would fall over her ears in bags suggestive of places for secreting shop-lifted articles. This was Cléo à la Boston, and it is true that she was more startling a vision, by far, than the original Cléo can ever hope to be.

As before said, the gallery audience as a whole was above the average in intelligence, if the women alone were counted. They were cominently respectable, typically bourgeoise, of

ling a vision, by far, than the original Cléo can ever hope to be.

As before said, the gallery audience as a whole was above the average in intelligence, if the women alone were counted. They were omitently respectable, typically bourgeelse of the Boston kind. They were quiet, dignified, did not chew gum, spoke little and quietly, were probably having a good time, but would have sited almost rather than show it. The men looked more stupid, were just as quiet and well be haved, said nothing at all, and, as far as could be judged, had only a few transitory gleams of joy and gladness.

There was pienty of patriotic bait for catching applause, but the audience only nibbled a little. Some individuals spoke about the patriotic stereopticon pictures, quietly and with mild interest, but that was about all. A picture of Col. J. J. Astor got two or three scattering handelaps. Col. Theodore Boosevelt got quite a little spurt of applause. A picture of the unfortunate young Ensign Bagley got more than Astor and Roosevelt together, and still more. Again and again the canvas tempted them with patriotic cartoons, while the band played appropriate selections, but no, they merely read the legend in a low tone one to another, and waited for the next picture. However, as the very last one was thrown on the canvas, and Old Glory faced them, they woke up and made the house re-echo with rounds of applause.

Although they showed comparatively little

up and made the house re-echo with rounds of applause.

Although they showed comparatively little enthusiasm they showed even less disapproval. One or two very rank numbers would have made a New York gallery groan. But the Bostonese 20-centers merely looked on with that same expression of serious interest. They discussed the zither with deep concern. One of the few stout women suspended operations with her feather fan, while a young person on the stage rent the air with soaring tones; and the stout woman with head critically on one side nodded with approval whenever the electric light globes overhead shivered in an especially violent sound wave.

They took their pleasure even more safly than the Raginal do, but it wouldn't be safe to say that they didn't really take it. Next to Old theory the mass appearance tell to the los of a gen-

the man who sang "The Resurrection Morn" and "The Village Blacksmith." Severtheless those filtgant voting persons, Arthur Dunn and Mamie Gilroy, banished sciennity even from the Boston counterpance. Finally, it is a significant fact that the most successful joke of illicant fact that the most successful joke of the alternoon was in the regular Boston "B" line. Baid Mamie Gilroy.

"Did you ever go to school?"

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"The Boinss. You see, I had hives, so they put me in the best class. And it kept the others scratching to keep up with me, I toil you."

Which choice specimen of wit profty nearly made the small poys let go of the Bostonbases and roll on the floor, while the men and women relaxed their seriousness and unbent before the magic of the ir-itial letter of baseball, baked beans, Back Bay, Bunker Hill, Beacon Hill and Boston.

SAILED UNDER THE OCEAN.

WORK THE ARGONAUT MIGHT HAYE DONE AT SANTIAGO.

Experimental Trip of Simon Lake's Submarine Boat-Remained Under Water 10 1-4 Hours-Found Wreeks in Eny and Biver-A Run on the Ocean's Bottom.

Baltimore, Aug. 20.—Simon Lake, Inventor of the submarine boat Argonaut, is very well pleased with his experimental trip. His objects in making it was to convince the Government that the craft could have been of service.

BARDINE FISHING AND CANNING. Carious Features-No One Ever Saw a Live rdine Out of Water-A Hint to Gourmets.

From the Courrier des Etats Unis. The peddlers in the streets of Paris are now crying out, "Sardines de Nantes!" and the grocers display the little varnished boxes labelled "Sardines & Phuile, fabrication 1808." But where do the sardines come from? Certainly not from Nantes. They come from Quiberon, Douarnenez, Concarneau, Croisie, and especially from Belle Isle.

The sardine fishing season commences at the

beginning of June. As soon as the fishermen of the coast of Brittany notice shoals of porpoises or flocks of seagulis off shore in great numbers they immediately make sail, for the sardine is there. The birds and porpoises locate him. The building and repairing of the sardine fishing boats during what is called the dead season give employment to a great many workmen. As a rule, they are 10-tonners, with a crew of from six to ten men. The captain and the mate are the only professional fishermen on board; the others are men of all trades. The outfit con sists exclusively of nets with very small 500 metres. The upper parts of the nets are kept upon the surface of the water by corks and the entire machine is held rigid by pieces of lead at the bottom. The nets are all stained a sort of sea green color, to render them less visible.

When the first school of sardines is noticed the boats all run to the fishing grounds. The exact presence of the fish is determined by an oily substance on the surface of the water and also by a considerable quantity of little scales. which give the water a metallic appearance In calm weather, as soon as the Captain has his boat immediately over the shoal he lowers his neta, and two men of the crew, with great oars, work steadily to keep the boat stationary, while the others lower the nets. Standing at the stern of the boat the Captain throws the chum overboard. This chum is a bait made of the eggs of the codfish, and it keeps the fish in the desired place. A spot that is well baited in this way is called larden in French, and the casting of the chum is called bailler.

In a few moments, if the fish are plentiful, new quantities of scales float upon the surface and the net itself is agitated by the struggles of the immense number of fish. Then it is ifted, and while the sails are again hoisted and the boat pointed for shore the men of the crew shake the nets and toss the fish upon the deck. A curious thing about this kind of fishing is that one rarely sees a living sardine out of the water. The fish make a little squeak when taken from the water and die instantly. Of the 250 or 300 fishing boats fitted out at Belle Isle about 200 belong to Palais and the others to Sauzon. It is in these two ports that the fish-ermen sell their fish. An ordinary catch of ardines gives to each boat from 8,000 to 10,-000 fish, and the price is regulated by the quantity brought in by the first comers. Upon the docks the representatives of the great preserving establishments hall the fishermen, who tell them that they alone caught enough worth mentioning and that the other boats caught nothing. Then they enter into a discussion re-

garding the price.
"How many thousand have you, Jannie?"
"About 8,000."
"Then I will give you seven francs a thousand."
"Oh, no, that is not enough. I cannot sell at that price."

"Oh, no, that is not enough. I cannot sen at that price."
But as the rest of the flotilla appear, all the first comers consent to sell their fish at seven france per 1,000, and in an hour afterward the later arrivals can get only 50 centimes per 1,000, and sometimes they can get no sale whatever for their catches and are obliged to throw the sardines overboard, because the little fish remain fresh for only two or three

ittle fish remain fresh for only two or three hours at most.

On the other hand, if the run is not exceptionally numerous, all the fish are bought at from 30 to 40 francs per 1,000, and sometimes even at 75 francs per 1,000 on the sometimes. Sardine fishing is more or less dangerous. Often boats that put to sea in rough weather never come back. When the sardines are sold on the docks they are taken in baskets to the cannery. Each basket contains 200 fish. In addition to the price, which is immediately paid to him on the dock, the Captain usually gets about half a gallon of wine for himself and his erew.

addition to the price, which is immediately paid to him on the dock, the Captain usually gots about half a galion of wine for himself and his crew.

During the sardine season about 300 women and fifty men anxiously await the arrival of the first boats. If there are no fish, there is no work for them. When the news arrives that the boats have their welcome cargoes, the women, in their picturesque costumes, rush to the cannery like a flock of frightened sheep, and each takes her place in the great room where the fish undergo their first preparation. Here the sardines are pyrad upon the table and sprinkled with sait. Then they are cleaned, and when that operation is finished they are sorted by little boys according to their size and carried into another part of the establishment, where they are put in pickle.

The length of time required by this operation varies according to the size of the fish. After this the fish are washed and placed, one by one, with great care upon wire nets, called grifs, and put out to dry in the open air. If the weather is wet or even toggy this operation becomes impossible, and the fish spoil and becomes impossible, and the fish spoil and becomes worthiese, except for fertilizer.

This serious inconvenience has been avoided lately by the construction of a mechanical drier, a sort of immense ventilator run by powerful machinery. For a few moments the sardines are exposed to a strong current of air, and immediately afterward, while still upon the grils, they are plunged into tanks of bolling olive oil. This bath lasts from three to five minutes, according to the size of the fish. In order that the oili wo oil may retain its natural taste, the tanks do not come in direct contact with the fire, but are beated by steam tubes. After this cooking, the sardines are plunged into tanks of bolling olive oil. This bath lasts from three to five minutes, according to the size of the lish. In order that the oili wo oil may retain its natural taste, the tanks do not come in fire the properation of sardi

each, and it is in this way that they reach the consumers.

In any one of those important establishments the sardines are prepared and exported ten hours after coming out of the water.

Gournets should never eat newly prepared sardines. They have neither the perfume nor the flavor of those which have lain in the boxes for a year.

A Pet Florida Crane.

From Pores and Streem.

He stands at one side by the hour, just pluming himself, then gently picking at shoe buttons and finger rings. Occasionally he is indulged in a favorite pastime—that of taking the halrpins out of his mistress's hair.

In nature he is as gentle and affectionate as a kitten, and as he has never been teased he has no enmity for anything except a dog. One night he was attacked by a strange dog, and since then his hatred for any canine other than the home dog is intense, and as soon as his eagle eye detects a strange dog he gives a cry of alarm, and in the most quiet, sedate, but stately way waiks out of range into some retired corner. He is more valuable than a watch dog, for at night, should any strange object intrude on the premises, he quickly gives a warning in a voice so loud and clangorous as to wake even the "seven alsepeers" themselvas.

Dick has always been inordinately fund of his master, whom he makes every effort to please. It is at his command that he will dance, bowing and twirling in the most graceful manner; then circling with wings distended around the yard and back again to bow and courtsey as before. Another very pleasing recognition of his intelligence is the manner in which he always welcomes his owner. He recognizes the horse and carriage as far as his eye can reach, and long before the bird is in view his voice is heard trumpeting a greeting, which is continued until the master reaches the gate, when at the single command. Louder, Dick i' he shrows his head back and gives fort a long, gurging note, indicating joy and pleasure. To no one else will be give this welcome. It is

that the craft could have been of service at Santiago and other Cuban ports in cutting the cables and removing the mines. Incidentally he wanted to test the availability of the submarine boat in locating wrecks in deep water and removing cargoes. All who were with him on the trip agree that absolutely no difficulty was experienced in going over hitherto unexplored grounds, nor were those on board inconrenienced in the least by their journey under water. James L. Gault, who assisted Mr. Lake on the voyage, gives the following account of the trip:

"The Argonaut started on her maiden voyage at noon on May 19 with a crew of six men from the dock of the Columbian Iron Works. The little craft's bow was turned toward Magothy Biver, where we arrived that night. Before we had been out very long we found that there was some trouble with the compass. The little dial, as we thought, was placed in a neutral corner of the boat, but as the vessel is built entirely of iron and steel, and electricity is used on board, the compass was very erratic, especially when the electric machinery was started, This difficulty was shortly overcome. The binnacle was placed over the conning tower and there the compass worked first rate. It pointed true on all courses, was not affected either by the current or magnetism of the boat, and was as true under water as on the surface.

From Magothy River we went to Annapolis, and after staying there two days went to Solomon's Island in the Patuxent River. Here the water was very clear, and we experimented with our searchlight under the surface and could easily follow our diver as far as he could go. The next day found the vessel at Crisfield. Here the Argonaut excited great interest, and frightened the natives almost as much as if it were a Spanish cruiser. The colored population hastily packed their belongings and left the city, remaining away as long as the Argo-

naut continued at anchor.

"At Crisfield the supplies ran short and were replenished. Gwynn's Island was the next place visited. Hare experiments were made in running the vessel on the bottom. The bottom found here was of a very peculiar type. It very closely resembles shelled corn. We tried to make the hoat run on her wheels, but found that while the wheels would revolve, they could not get sufficient hold to move the boat. The propeller was then set working and the wheels used as rollers, and the vessel then moved along very nicely. "It was here that we discovered our first

wrecks; but instead of finding buried treasures we found a couple of old hulks that were of little or no value. We then went to historie Yorktown and then put into Norfolk. After a week's stay there, lying idle, as Mr. Lake had to come to Baltimore, we went out to Hampton Roads. Here the current was strong and the bottom rough and hilly. We gave a number of exhibitions and attracted quite a lot of attention, especially from the naval officers of the United States cruisers there. We also gave submarine cruisers there. We also gave submarine demonstrations, in one of which we remained submerged for ten hours and a quarter. Two of Uncle Sam's officers requested the privilege of making a descent in her. They would have done so, but their ship was to sail the next day and they feared that some accident might occur which would delay them. After inspecting the Argonaut they expressed the opinion that vessels of this type were just the thing for cutting cables and destroying mine fields.

the opinion that vessels of this type were just the thing for cutting cables and destroying mine fields.

"Mr. Lake had hoped to have the privilege of going on the bottom at Hampton Roads and picking up the cables which connected the mines guarding the entrance, but this was refused him. We then went out to Cape Henry. Near the lightbouses we found some barges that were wrecked some time ago. We went to work on them and found that they were loaded with soft coal. We were unable to unload the coal, as we had nothing to carry it on, but everything cles of value was taken. We then made our way to the broad Atlantic and, when we reached the ocean, hunted for a place where the conditions were best for submerging the boat. We found it about twenty-five miles from Hampton Roads.

"twerything worked as well as could be desired. The bottom of the ocean there is an ideal one. It is composed of fine gray sand, so hard that one could hardly push a fishing spear down into it. It is very interesting to sit in the diver's comparament with the door open and watch the crabs and fishes scurry out of the way as the submarine craft goes robing over the bottom above them.

"We then turned back toward home. Mr. Lake decaded to try his hand at carbe finding

and watch the crabs and fishes sourry out of the way as the submarine craft goes roning over the bottom above them.

"We then turned back toward home. Mr. Lake decaded to try his hand at earlie finding and cable cutting, and determined to lay a cable himself across the channel leading a by the Patuxent River. The beat was submerged and ran across and hauled the cable into the diver's compartment with a hook about 4: toes long. The water now was very muddy on account of recent rains, but the cable into the diver's compartment with a hook about 4: toes long. The water now was very muddy on account of recent rains, but the cable into the diver's compartment with a hook about 4: toes long. The water now was very muddy on account of recent rains, but the cable was f and without much difficulty. Mr. Lake said that there is no doubt that submarine vesses of this type would have enabled sampson to enter the harbor of Santiago without fear of mines, and the siege and blockade would have been over much sooner, and would have saved millions of dollars and many lives.

"We remained in the Patuxent for two weeks experimenting and found several wreeks. The divers discovered some timbers of a vessel said to have been sunk forty years ago. The part of the timbers above the mud had been almost entirely eaten, away, but now and then one remained in which the worms had eaten only part of the way through. These pieces were found to be as hard as iron and thoroughly impregnated with the mud in which the vessel any buried. By probing it was found that the bottom of the ship was entirely covered with mud and was pretty sound. The iron bolts which held the ship together were nearly all converted into iron oxide, which was collected in lumps at the ends of the bolt holes through which held the ship together were nearly all converted into iron oxide, which was collected in lumps at the ends of the bolt holes through which held the ship together were nearly all converted into iron oxide, which was collected in lumps at the ends of the bo

A NIGHT IN A BUFFALO HIDE,

Queer Imprisonment of a Hunter in the From the Portland Oregonian,

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe's creek, in Sumner county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon, Capt Jennings, who was of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to berd which was near by. There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get in good range on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling fee, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be injured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he was done night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. Bo, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he is y down and alept very comfortably until morning. On waking, he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the Captain. He yelied at the top of his voice for help and strained and kieked with all his might at the rawhide inclosure, but it proved attaborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too frascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way, He gave up all hope of extreasting himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortlying, at the least, to a man who had escaped indiana bullets and swam ley rivers like a beaver. We will lest him relate the issue in his own words; "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out. and whea I got one arm out.